

2.22.2020

Moving forward, less on my mind, less on my plate.

The simplicity in my life is increasing, some of it beyond my control. I feel like I'm in a rush of clean water, being pushed forward by a flowing river, there's no place for me to sit, no solid ground on which to stand, the open sky is my roof and the stars in the night sky are nightlights.

I'm not homeless in the real world, but am in transition in other ways. Leaving things behind, not sure where I'm going.

I don't know who I am, but I know my identity is in Jesus, and He knows me perfectly. I don't have any goals, except to follow Him, and if I do that, His goals for me are accomplished.

I've decided to start a journal, and this is the first entry.

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